

A Special Night II

Written By: Skabaard

She listened to the clock tower in the county courthouse chime the second hour, and she felt apprehension tighten her gut. As the bell died away, a soft, familiar voice murmured into her ear, "Is this where I say boo?"

In spite of all her anticipation, a thousand different things jolted through her mind at the simple phrase, unadulterated shock foremost among them. With a startled jerk, Hayley bounced from the low, stone bench and to her paws, almost spilling her coffees in the process of whirling around to face the source of the quiet sound. Before her stood the wolf from her dreams, beautiful. Silken, coal-colored fur and deep, green eyes, curvy and athletically built, tall and carrying a small, hesitant smile, she stood before her, looking almost nervous.

Steaming coffee splattered across the grass in front of her as the cups she held slipped free of numbed fingers. "Bianca..."

The lupine woman lifted a hand and wiggled fingers in a little wave. "Hi. I'm glad you made it."

Hayley could barely move, but she managed to take a shaky step forward, and then another. After week after week spent thinking what she would actually do, about the chance that she wasn't insane, everything that she thought she'd gotten over came pouring back into her. She let out a weak, choked sob and finished closing the distance between them only to lash out, bringing the flat of her hand across Bianca's cheek with all the anguished strength she could muster. The wolf recoiled and reeled backward, lifting a palm to her face in wide-eyed shock, and Hayley followed her, preventing her from stumbling back more than a step by wrapping arms around her and clinging to her with the strength of a drowning man.

She closed her eyes as if to prevent the tide of tears that welled up behind them. Bianca was there, stiff with surprise but solid and warm and real, and she squeezed until the lovely lupine let out a wheezy grunt. Hayley wept quietly into a sturdy shoulder, shaking as arms hesitantly wrapped around her in an embrace of their own. They held her snugly, firmly but tenderly, and her tears wicked away into the dark blue fabric of the wolf's t-shirt for a long moment. Fingers laced into her hair, snowy and nearly transparent in its colorlessness, but they only gently stroked her, savoring the bases of her drooping, canine ears. "I'm very glad to see you again, Hayley." came the other woman's soft voice.

It was the same voice she'd heard in her dreams, familiar and confident, and her legs nearly buckled at its warm tones. She struggled to suck in a stabilizing breath, and pulled her head a few inches away from the wolf's shoulder, scrubbing at her watery eyes. "I... I-I'm sorry. I was just... I... God, this is really happening. I'm not crazy. You're here. I'm not crazy. You're here."

As if to remind her of that fact, Bianca gave her a lazy squeeze. "Yeah. I'm here."

Hayley shivered and buried her muzzle against the wolf's throat, trying to breathe in smooth, even breaths and failing miserably. "I was so afraid. I thought I was losing my mind. But it's real. You're real."

"I sure hope so."

She could barely breathe past the immense knot of emotion that was roiling in her chest, a tangle of relief and uncertainty and the remnants of her vanquished anxiety. Through it she

managed to squeeze a hesitant laugh, a low, shaky giggle that stemmed from her attempts to comprehend what was happening. Hayley lifted her head, laid her hands over Bianca's cheeks, holding them, and finally managed a little smile. "You're really here."

The coal-furred wolf nodded. "I'm so glad you came."

Hayley dipped her head and released a long, heavy sigh, letting her hands drop to her sides. "How could I not, after everything we did? If anything... I had to know for sure." She took a tiny step back, slipping from Bianca's arms for a moment. "I missed you."

She took another step, and Bianca followed her closely, eventually settling into a seat next to her on the cold, stone bench and throwing an arm across her shoulders. "Not too much, I hope."

Scooting closer, she leaned into the wolf's side, finding comfort in the warmth to be found there. "Considering I'd only known you for a few hours... Yeah, I probably missed you too much." Hayley then reached over, sliding her fingers into Bianca's own and giving them a timid squeeze. "But that's okay."

The woman sitting next to her fidgeted anxiously for a few seconds. "I'm sorry, Hayley. I didn't mean to... I'm sorry if I hurt you. I didn't want to, I promise. I just... I couldn't... I'm sorry."

From what she knew of the wolf, shy nervousness wasn't meant for that melodic, awkward voice. She soothed Bianca with another squeeze of her fingers. "You didn't, not really. What could you have done?" She exhaled a low, breathy laugh. "For a while I was angry that you hadn't said anything, told me anything, but then I realized that I would have just written you off as crazy." With her free hand, she reached up to wipe away her leftover tears. They had no place on her cheeks. She was quickly realizing how happy she was. "I'm glad you didn't."

Bianca didn't appear totally mollified. "Still... I shouldn't have done that to you, especially after what you'd already been through. After you left, I was afraid I'd taken advantage of you. I... I never should have asked for that kiss."

"Maybe..." she admitted with a dismissive shrug. "But you did, and I'm glad you did, at least once I came to terms with... all this. That might have taken a while, but I don't regret what happened. I'd never really felt... wanted before. I felt special that evening, and yes, I may have been angry and vulnerable and wound up, but none of that is your fault. So thank you."

Relaxing a bit, the wolf scoffed. "Please, Hayley. You didn't need me to make you feel special. You *are* special."

"See?" she mused, letting out a beatific sigh. "I feel better already."

Bianca capitulated the point with a low grumble, but the arm across Hayley's shoulders tightened affectionately nonetheless. They both sat there for a moment, looking out over the immaculately manicured grass and on occasion, one another, before the wolf spoke up once more. "So...How have you been?"

She peered up at Bianca's attractive, lupine features. "This past year has been the best one I've had in a long time. I got a promotion, moved into a new apartment. My brother got married." With another sigh, she reclined a little more firmly against the back of the bench. "I almost feel like a normal person." The wolf frowned sternly at her, and she giggled lightheartedly. "Come on... Look at me. I'm sure as Hell not normal, even if we might disagree whether or not that makes me special."

Bianca seemed about ready to stubbornly argue with her, but the husky just looked up at her with huge, puppy dog eyes that were an icy white-blue, as pale and washed-out as the rest of her albino coloration. Instead, the wolf smiled. "Well, I was still right, so there."

"Right about what?" she mused.

A dark, clawed hand brushed beneath her bangs and stroked over her scalp, coal on snow. "Your hair is beautiful in the light."

The sudden blush that washed over her cheeks burned through her unnaturally white fur, but she didn't shy away from the fond contact. Rather, she leaned inward to lean her face into the shoulder beside her and dug her paws into the sun-warmed grass. It was a nice contrast against the seasonal chill in the air. She heard the dead woman breathing, felt a firm, steady heartbeat, and tears welled up once more in her eyes before she could rein them in. "I thought about you a lot," she murmured, voice quavering.

Perhaps understanding her meaning, the wolf simply squeezed her far shoulder, replying with an equally soft, "I'm sorry."

Taking a shaky breath, she braced herself. "Don't be," she uttered more confidently. "It was nice to have something nice to occupy my thoughts. I don't know if you got the impression when we first met, but I don't usually do well around others. I... I don't have many friends. I've kind of drifted away from my old college acquaintances."

"Like the big great dane with the strap-on?"

Embarrassment made her squirm. "Y-yeah. She was one of them. I don't really hang out with any of them anymore, and I haven't really gone too far out of my way to meet new people..."

"Why not?"

"Because it usually end up like it did last Halloween, with me alone and crying. Sometimes it's easier to just not bother... most of the time, actually."

"Well... what do you do for fun?"

"Read, mostly, write, game. I didn't really spend much time away from home until this last year. I did a lot of walking."

"Where to?"

She scuffed her paws on the grass and swept an idle hand out before her. "Here. I spent a lot of time... right here. It's about a mile from my apartment one way, a nice, brisk walk. I'd sit here, or on the grass, and read. Sometimes I'd spend a few minutes just talking... to you, I guess. Decompressing, you know? It really helped. You really helped."

Bianca smiled, but hesitantly. "I... I'm glad, Hayley."

Spending a second to fidget awkwardly with the hem of her jacket, she then peered anxiously upward. "Did... Could you... I mean-"

"I don't know," interjected the wolf. "It's not... Sometimes I think I could feel something, but it's all so different."

"What's it like?"

With a deep, steadying breath, Bianca drew her close into a lopsided hug and lifted her intense, green eyes up into the sky. "Quiet, mostly, and dark. Dark and quiet, but not the "going to drive you crazy" kind of quiet. It's... It's almost like that feeling that you get the instant before you go to sleep, or just before you wake up. You're totally relaxed, eyes closed. You can barely feel your body, and there's nothing going through your mind. It's just peace, and quiet, and darkness."

"That doesn't sound so bad," she mumbled when the wolf paused thoughtfully. "What happens if you—I don't know—have to itch your nose or something?"

Bianca barked a sharp, sudden laugh, bouncing against her. "Thank God I haven't had to find out. I can only imagine the horror. No, it's just been that still, half-sleep. I guess the only thing I can complain about is the cold."

"The cold?"

"Yeah. It gets cold sometimes, so cold, but not the "water heater died during a shower" cold, or even the "standing in a blizzard" cold. I never get numb or anything. It's just weird because it's usually the only thing I ever feel when I *do* feel something. It doesn't hurt. I guess it's not even uncomfortable. It's just *cold*. It feels like I should be shivering, but I can't move, so I just sit there, in the dark and quiet, cold. But it doesn't last forever. It comes and goes, and when it leaves me alone, it's actually pretty nice." Glancing down at Hayley, the wolf smiled slowly. "It's not as nice as feeling the sun or someone snuggling up to you, but it's not bad."

She returned Bianca's gaze for a moment before shying away, dipping her head and wriggling close enough to press her whole side into the wolf's curvy body. "Sorry I spilled your coffee."

Another gentle laugh bounced against her. "That's what I get for sneaking up on you. Don't worry about it."

For another moment, they simply sat there, holding one another. At least it seemed to only be a moment, but the clock tower in the distance was soon chiming the third hour, and at its call, Hayley shifted, drifting an inch away from the wolf to murmur, "So... are you... Can you—you know—leave? Or do you have to stay here?"

"I don't see why I couldn't go for a walk. Why?"

Nervousness tightened her throat, but she fought through it. "Well... I thought we could maybe go grab something to eat. I don't know if you've ever been there, but there's a really good diner on the corner of sixth. They make great milkshakes."

At the mention of food, Bianca hummed eagerly and slid away from her to bounce up to her paws, throwing her arms out in a languid stretch. "That sounds *great*," the wolf admitted, turning and extending a confident hand to Hayley, helping her rise from the stone of the bench. "I spend enough time lazing around here anyway. Let's go for a walk."

She couldn't stop the huge, dopey grin from plastering itself across her canine muzzle as, hand in hand, she and Bianca walked away from the headstone that bore the wolf's name. Standing next to her, Hayley was reminded how much more than she the other woman was. Tall and buxom, but sleek and athletic, she looked like a little girl being led around by her older sister, her beautiful, fearless older sister. Splashes of silky, ashen fur could be seen through gashes in tight, black denim jeans and the plain t-shirt that covered Bianca, some of which were stained with splotches of rusty red-brown. "Is that... blood?" she asked cautiously.

Bianca paused for a brief second to peer down the length of her body. "I guess so... I don't really remember getting cut up so bad though." She made a dismissive sound in the back of her throat. "It wasn't really as bad as it looks, all things considered."

She swallowed hard past the knot of tension in her larynx. "How... What happened?"

Hesitating at the heavy, wrought iron gate that separated the cemetery from the rest of the city proper, Bianca looked hard at her. "You mean how did... *it*... happen? Do you really want to know? I mean... *really*?"

Pulling until the weight of the gate swung inward, Hayley then gently dragged Bianca over the boundary. "Please."

"Well..." muttered the wolf as they strolled down the street, away from the manicured grasses and deeper into downtown. "It's not like it was anything extraordinary or anything. I took my sister to a Halloween party that night. It was with her friends and everything, so I was just going to hang out until it was time to take her home, but she forgot her inhaler. Some candle or air freshener they had there was getting to her so I left to go get it. It was colder than I thought,

and I took a corner... a little faster than I should have. I guess there was ice on the road or something, because before I knew it the car was upside-down at the bottom of a ravine."

Bianca paused for a heartbeat, and she almost urged for more before the wolf could continue. "It was kind of weird, actually. I didn't hurt or anything. I was just... confused. Like... How did I end up there? What happened?" She poked a finger through a hole in her shirt. "I guess the glass got me pretty good." After another breath, her voice came lower, more serious. "I couldn't move my legs, but I don't know if it was my back or if I'd gotten stuck when the car crumpled. Either way, I couldn't move. I remember trying to get to my phone, but my bag had been thrown across the car." She smiled wryly. "It was the damndest thing. It didn't fly out of the car through the broken windows. It was just hanging there, from a piece of broken glass..." Holding up her thumb and forefinger, she showed Hayley perhaps an inch between them. "Just out of reach. Just my luck, I guess. I probably couldn't have gotten any signal down the hill anyway."

"You did." the husky interjected, "They said on the news that you'd called nine-one-one. They searched for you all night, but it was the coldest one in fifty years or something."

To her surprise, Bianca grinned more confidently. "Don't I know it. It got cold in that car *fast*. Hell, maybe I did manage to get my bag after all. Most of it's pretty fuzzy anyway, except a few pieces, like that Goddamned bag just taunting me. At any rate, it got cold, really cold. I started shivering like a maniac and wishing I'd worn a heavier coat..." She looked down at herself. "Or any coat, I guess. It's funny. When I was a little pup, my mom always made me bring a coat if it was going to be below fifty, and I mean bring them *everywhere*, even if I was only going to be outside for a few seconds. Jokes on me, I guess." With a shrug, Bianca dismissed the point and surrendered the rest of her tale. "After that, it got hard to move anything, I was so numb. I couldn't even bend my fingers. And then I stopped shivering, which was kind of scary at first, but... eventually I just got really, really tired, and I closed my eyes and went to sleep. And I slept."

Bianca paused mid-step when she realized Hayley had stopped moving. Turning, she returned to the husky's side and tossed an arm over her shoulders. "Hey... you asked for it. I hope you weren't expecting a happier ending."

It took Hayley another moment held close to the wolf's chest to start walking again. "I know..." she whimpered. "I just..."

"I know, Hayley. I know." Bianca crooned, guiding her gently down the sidewalk. "But think of it like this. I could have gone out so many worse ways. It could have been a horrible, wasting disease or a posse of carnivorous clowns. Instead I just... got really, really tired. It's embarrassing, really. I'd rather have been gotten by the clowns."

She giggled in spite of herself and cleared her throat with a stiff cough. "I guess it was Halloween and everything. The one day you *definitely* can't trust a clown."

Bianca smiled at her cheerfulness. "Especially the ones with chainsaws. They're always up to no good, the mischievous bastards."

They stopped again for a second, and Bianca let her lean in for a lingering hug, one that let her scrub her tears from her cheeks once more before they could mat into her ghostly fur. "Thank you."

"Yeah." the wolf murmured into her ear, returning the embrace. "Don't mention it. I guess you kind of deserved to hear everything."

She nodded as she pulled away, swallowing back fresh tears and instead grinning happily. Likewise, she had to force back a sheepish apology for being a whining, nervous wreck.

Instead of trying to make excuses for her fragile state of mind, Hayley just leaned further into the wolf's side and walked through the cool, breezy afternoon, her icy hair drifting along behind her in its ponytail, an opposite to Bianca's short, more windswept hairdo.

When they arrived at the diner, Bianca made an appreciative sound low in her throat. "You know; I lived here all my life and I don't think I've ever actually been here."

"They opened a few years ago. It's my favorite place to just grab a bite whenever." Hayley intimated as a chipper ferret in an apron and a witch outfit that was just barely professional guided them to a table at a window, dispensing to them a pair of menus and glasses of water. She already knew what she wanted, and it took Bianca only a few seconds to set her heart on her own meal: the heaviest bacon cheeseburger they had, with a chocolate milkshake the wolf could have bathed in. When their waitress sashayed away, they took a minute to gaze out the window, watching traffic and the occasional costumed passer-by. She stiffened and redirected her attention when Bianca sat up straighter, a frown stretching over her lupine muzzle. "What's wrong?"

"I don't have any cash on me. I didn't think about-"

The wolf stopped when Hayley snorted a sharp chortle, sudden relief startling her. "Please, Bianca. I kind of planned for that. I wouldn't have asked if I wasn't willing to buy you a sandwich or two. I even thought about bringing you a change of clothes, but I didn't know what size you are, and I figured that no one would say anything, today of all days." Speaking of clothes, she realized that, out of the chill and wind, her light jacket was rather warm, and she wriggled her way out of it, draping it over the back of her chair. She may have been an oddity, but she was still a husky, with the thick, dense fur of her kind, and the last thing she wanted to do was smell like sweaty dog.

Bianca's eyebrows rose in pleased surprise. "Is that what you were wearing under that?" came her bemused voice. "I mean, I saw the long part, but... wow."

She glanced down at herself. The dress she'd chosen to wear that day wasn't quite the best one she had, but she thought it was tasteful enough. It was a modest, calf-length affair of dark red-orange. She couldn't get away with wearing lighter tones; they always made her look even more washed-out. In fact, the only complaint even her mother would have was that the slice of cleavage the dress displayed was a little generous. "Well... It's not like I have a ballroom gown or anything, but I wanted to look nice. I thought the orange would be... seasonal."

"Well it does." Bianca sighed, resting her head on a hand, "Make you look nice, I mean." She poked at one of the bloodstained holes in her shirt. "I suppose I should have worn something nicer that night. Hindsight, huh?" She chuckled. "I even had a costume all lined up, a fancy, roman-style angel." Hayley cocked an eyebrow. "Not one of *those* angels. It actually had clothes, one of those toga-robe things with a fancy sash, a halo I spray painted, and a huge set of wings I spent days making. It looked awesome." Pausing for a moment, her smile still never faltered. "Sort of ironic at this point, I suppose. But I bet it would look even cooler now, all cut up and bloody."

"I wish I could have seen it." the husky sighed.

Bianca sobered a bit and waved away the sentiment. "It wasn't really anything special. The only reason I spent so much time on it was to antagonize my parents."

"Why?"

Another shrug. "Because I'm an asshole sometimes, I guess. Because it helped if we could all laugh at how awkward we were around each other. Coming out to a couple pretty religious wolves led to some tension in the house for a while. I mean... they're my parents, and

they did the typical parent thing of loving me no matter what and no matter how much they disagreed with my "life choices", but my mom especially never really looked at me the same way. So one Halloween I dressed up as a nun, not a sexy nun, just a nun, and they grumbled, but they laughed and joked about it. Next year I was going to try to put together a pope costume." After taking a slow drink, she then blinked slowly in comprehension. "That would have been this year, actually. Wait, no... It was last year... Huh."

"I bet that would have looked awesome too." Hayley replied after a moment spent digesting all that.

"I was never really one to half-ass anything, no. What about you? No, let me guess. Toilet paper mummies?"

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, when I was eight, maybe. Nowadays I don't really play the dress up game."

"That's a shame. Halloween doesn't have to be a kid's holiday. Hell, it's not even supposed to be, right? You'd make the cutest little succubus."

Scoffing again, she leaned back into her chair and gestured broadly through the window. "Why would I dress up when I don't have to? I've been called variations of "Ghost" almost my whole life."

"Hey." Bianca said softly, leaning in toward her. "Try not to blame the rest of the world for some lack of vision. Pretty much everyone is an idiotic asshat at some point in their life. It just hits some people later than others. Besides, I bet you'd make a killing at a haunted house. Just toss a sheet over you and give them a real surprise when they laugh and you rip it off. Hell, *I'd* pay to see their faces." She laughed. "There's an idea. Selling tickets to spectate a haunted house, through one-way mirrors or something."

She couldn't fight the grin that overtook her expression. "Come on. I'm weird, not scary."

Bianca nodded slowly, returning her smile. "When it's dark and quiet, and you're just waiting for something to jump out at you from the dark, what's the difference? Clowns are weird, but they're also terrifying. Explain that one."

It was her turn to shrug. "It probably has something to do with bad experiences during childhood."

With a grunt of assent, Bianca pouted theatrically. "Those poor, damaged clowns. It figures that something must have happened to turn them psychotic. Now we just need to figure out where they get all the chainsaws."

Throwing her head back, Hayley let out a long groan, but eventually, they both broke out into a fit of giggles that didn't end until their waitress returned with their meals. It was getting fairly late in the afternoon, and it had been a long time since breakfast, so she was hungry. However, her own hunger couldn't have compared to the wolf's, who tore into her burger like a starving woman the very second she deemed it remotely acceptable. Bianca must have caught her staring, because the other woman grumbled a defensive, "What? Don't look at me like that. I haven't eaten anything in two years... or something. I don't know how anything's supposed to work." Despite her clear desire to keep stuffing her face, she took the opportunity to slow down, at least chewing the mouthfuls of cheese, bacon, and ground beef before gulping them down.

"It's okay." she mumbled, taking a bite of her own sandwich. "I wasn't really sure if you'd even be hungry. I'm sort of new to this whole thing."

"I'd hope so. I wouldn't know how to take it if you were seeing some other... uh..." Bianca shifted nervously. "You know what I mean." For a heartbeat, there was silence, and then Hayley reached over to take a few of the wolf's fingers up in her own, squeezing briefly. Tapered, lupine

ears twitched at the contact between them, and smiling, Bianca looked fondly at her for a moment. "Thanks... I promise I'm usually not such an awkward date."

Hayley huffed an amused laugh. "Is that what this is? A date?"

Rolling her shoulders in a lazy shrug, Bianca leaned heavily forward, and the husky felt a gentle paw slide up against hers and along her calf. "This is whatever you want it to be, Hayley. I'm not really in any position to decide much of anything." Her smile softened. "I'm just glad that I can spend a little time... out here... with you."

"I was waiting for this day all year," Hayley mused, forbidding herself from rebuffing the foot that remained against hers, "and now that it's here, it almost like I don't know what to do, what to say."

"I think you're doing pretty well so far," admitted the wolf, "but who really knows? I might just be an easy date. I'd do almost anything for a decent burger."

"Is it good?" she wondered, gesturing at the half-eaten sandwich on Bianca's plate.

"Very." replied the wolf while taking another enormous bite. "So I guess I owe you one "almost anything.""

Her mind wandered among the possibilities for a moment. "Please. You've already done more than enough for me. I couldn't bring myself to ask anything of you. Not now."

"That's alright." Bianca chuckled after taking a drink. "You don't have to ask me anything. I'll just take the initiative." Another short laugh. "People always said I was impatient."

For a couple minutes, they ate in relative silence, sharing a few brief seconds of contact when the wolf's paw brushed against hers with increasing boldness. Eventually, their plates were clean, and Bianca was sitting with a contented smile stretching her lips, languidly licking the remnants of her burger from her fingertips. "So..." Hayley murmured, watching the woman across from her drain the rest of her shake, "What do you want to do now?"

Smacking her lips with a fiercely satisfied grin, Bianca answered, "Whatever you want to do."

"Well..." she began hesitantly, "I don't live too far away. If you wanted to, we could go and... hang out, watch scary movies or something. I don't really know what you're supposed to do..."

"Hayley." said the wolf with almost motherly softness. Bianca reached forward and pulled her hands into her own, squeezing them tight. "You're not "supposed" to do anything. That's not how dates work, at least not anymore. You should just enjoy the other person's company. Enjoy each other. Do what feels right, what feels good. Don't do what you're supposed to do, just do what you want to do." She leaned back, lifting her voice to a more jovial pitch. "Unless you want to do something weird or illegal, then you might have to revise that." Another tender squeeze of her fingers. "You're not in school anymore, right? You don't have to act like some nervous teenager. Just relax."

She didn't know if she could, and she had to work her jaw loose enough to swallow her heart down out of her throat. "Then I... W-will you come home with me?"

Bianca pushed her plate forward and stood from her chair. "I'd love to, Hayley."

The wolf followed her as she paid for their meals and shrugged her jacket back on. The sun was in the process of creeping below the horizon, and the autumnal chill in the air was quickly deepening. She glanced over at how little Bianca was wearing, half-shredded clothes, and spoke up. "It's getting a little nippy. Are you cold? Do you want my jacket?"

As they walked down the sidewalk, Bianca glanced over at her and chuckled. "Thank you, Hayley, but no. I'm fine. I've been cold before. This... This is nothing. Don't worry about

me." The wolf reached over and pulled her close, matching step with her. "It's actually pretty nice out. It's a good night to extort candy door-to-door, or get all gussied up and hit a party or three. This is my kind of Halloween. It's beautiful."

Instead of the melancholy she expected from the wolf, Hayley looked over to see Bianca grinning hugely, and she couldn't stop a smile of her own from spreading across her muzzle. They walked, pressed together arm in arm, and she almost despaired when she had to peel herself from the warm body next to her to usher them in through the door of her apartment building. Her place was on the second floor, and the dark-furred lupine hopped up the stairs behind her, taking in everything. Her nerves were beginning to trouble her again, and her hand was shaking as she slid her key into its lock.

She almost jumped when Bianca's hand lifted to her shoulder. "Hey. Hayley."

Trying to conceal how hard she swallowed, she turned around to face the lupine woman, who was close, almost pressed against her. "Wh-what? What's wrong?"

Bianca chuckled quietly, kneading the husky's shoulder with her thumb. "Nothing's wrong, cutie. I just... Before you invited me in, I... I wanted to say thank you, sincerely, without any weird tension or tears. Last year I was confused and afraid for a long time, until I figured out what was going on. And you... you sat and talked to me, and that really helped. Not counting what else we did in a fit of insanity, I'm very happy that I didn't have to be alone all night. It felt good, very good, to feel warm and alive again, even if it was just for a few hours, and today's already done all that and more. You've been kind and... weirdly understanding about everything that's happened, and I think you deserve my thanks, at least for that, for being there for me."

The serious look the wolf fixed her with made her intestines squirm, but in only the best way, and she leaned back heavily into her door to keep herself upright. "Bianca, please. I... I'm not going to get into an argument over how much we might have done for each other. I've had plenty of time to think about what happened that night. Maybe we both just needed someone to talk to, even if I did most of the talking." The wolf leaned in, shadowing her against her door, listening intently. "Th-that night was the best thing that had happened to me in ages. I *needed* to get all that off of my chest. Maybe I needed someone to make me feel pretty or normal, maybe you caught me on the rebound after getting burned for the millionth time. I don't care how it happened, because you gave me what I needed." She smiled helplessly, raising her hands in a gesture of hopeless submission. "If I can give you back a tiny slice of the security and confidence you gave me, I will. Always."

Bianca hesitated for a breath before lifting her hand and cupping it over Hayley's cheek. When she spoke, her voice was low and strained with emotion. "You know, I really wish I could have met you before that night."

Her own hand closed over the fingers on her cheek, and she whispered back a hoarse, "Me too."

Refusing to flee that lovely face, the wolf's smile simply shifted into a lopsided smirk. Bianca's eyelids drooped lazily, and her unoccupied hand casually rose to curl over Hayley's shoulder. "Should I ask for permission again?"

She shook her head. "It's a little late for that, don't you think?"

"Maybe..." sighed the statuesque lupine whose face inched forward, tantalizingly close. "But I don't want to be pushy. I don't want to presume. I... I don't know if I should." She huffed a sharp, short laugh, quiet and airy. "I'm nervous. I'm not used to being nervous."

If Bianca was nervous standing there, looming over her and practically pressing her back into her door, Hayley couldn't see any of it. Her heart was pounding like it was trying to burst

from her chest, and her intestines were tying themselves into knots at the heavy look the wolf was directing down at her. It was all she could do to remember to breathe, and when she did, all she could sense was Bianca up against her, breathing softly and easily, waiting, with a hand on her cheek. "Don't make me ask for it. I... I dreamed of this, Bianca, right now. Please don't make me beg you."

Taking a firm breath, the other woman somehow managed to push herself closer, sandwiching her between the cold surface of her door and the firmness of Bianca's sleek, athletic figure. "I wouldn't dare." Slowly, blunted claws slid along her shoulder and tucked themselves behind the nape of her neck, cradling her while the hand on her cheek gently guided her mouth upward. When their lips met in a smooth, languorous motion, it felt like her fur stood on end, bristling with the electric sensation that tingled over her skin. She heard something scratching on wood, and it took several seconds for her to realize it was her own claws scraping over her door as her fingers reflexively balled into tight fists.

It was everything she remembered, everything she'd hoped and dreamed of. Bianca kissed her like the woman she was, warm and soft and full of slowly building passion, and her voice caught in the back of her throat before she could release the longing moan that built up from her padded toes. She scrabbled for purchase on the doorknob behind her, fumbling in the effort required to turn the key within it. When her front door finally gave into her wordless desires, she nearly fell in through it. A strong, steady hand catching the small of her back was the only thing that saved her from taking a spill into her own home.

She gasped when Bianca drifted away, and she stumbled backward and into her living room, stammering a hasty. "C-come in." Hayley didn't have to ask again, and the wolf, the same small smile still on her lips, swept her eyes around the humble space as she stepped in, making sure to secure the door behind her. Feeling abruptly self-conscious as her home was silently inspected, she gestured broadly at the room. "Make yourself at home. I tried to tidy it up a little, but I'm sorry if I missed a spot or two." She fidgeted, licking her lips while the wolf sauntered over to her sofa and plopped herself down onto it. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"No thanks. I'm fine." Was Bianca's answer, quickly followed up with a meaningful look and a beckoning finger. "I wouldn't mind if someone came over and sat with me, though."

Sliding her way out of her jacket, she tossed it over the back of a chair and settled herself in a spot next to the wolf, who watched her with intense interest the whole way. An arm went over her shoulders, bracing her, and the other dropped lower, letting a hand glide smoothly over one of her legs, rubbing it through her dress. "You've got yourself a nice place."

She huffed as she was drawn into another kiss, distracted. It was bigger than her last place, with two bedrooms and its own dedicated kitchen area, but it was still very much a work in progress. The walls were too white, almost sterile, and there wasn't enough furniture to even it all out. It still needed character. "It reminds me of myself..." she said aloud. It was somewhere to live, but it was still off, just shy of seeming normal.

"Yeah. It's beautiful." murmured the wolf into her lips.

Her ears folded back under the weight of her sudden pride. "It's too empty."

"You've got room to grow."

"It needs more color."

"You've got all you need, those gorgeous eyes."

She sighed and moaned out loud this time as Bianca gave her a gentle push, bearing down on her with tender care. Sliding sideways, she spun and wound up on her back, with the weight of the amorous wolf on top of her. With soft rustling, the other woman shifted, making

her comfortable, and dark, fearless fingers began to meander over her body, sweeping down from her shoulders and up from her legs, dancing over her dress and leaving lines of effervescent stimulation in their wake. Her body was flushed with desirous heat, and she wanted to pant, but her lips refused to pull away from those that lingered over her own.

Rocking against her in a slow, rolling rhythm, Bianca laced fingers through her hair, slowly pulling it free from its ponytail and letting it fall loosely around her. Those sturdy claws then ruffled her fur, diving partway under her dress to massage her shoulders and upper back. All the while their partners traced swirling lines over her modest curves, savoring her hips and her slim abdomen, shying just away from her chest as it heaved under her heavy breaths. "W-wait... Wait."

Pulling from her with a light *smack*, Bianca sat upright again, concern etched into her face. "What's wrong? I... I'm sorry."

She could have struck herself for forestalling the march of those worshipful fingers, and she doubly cursed herself at the look of uncertainty that the wolf gave her. "No, nothing's wrong, I just... I need to get ready first." She peeled herself off of the sofa and staggered up to her paws. "I've been planning this night for a year now. I... Just give me a few minutes. Just sit. Relax. I just need to... um... slip into something more comfortable."

At that, Bianca's eyebrows rose, but the wolf obediently remained sitting while she scurried off and into her bedroom. She dug into her closet, fumbling in the dark but unwilling to turn on any unnecessary light. Upon finding what she sought, she squirmed her way out of her dress, tossing it out of the way while she slipped into a much racier outfit. She swapped out her current underwear for a significantly less modest set of black lace, and threw over it all a sheer, almost gauzy piece of lingerie that covered her from the shoulders to the middle of her thighs with a curtain of dark, gossamer silk. It actually was fairly comfortable, but she didn't intend to spend too much time inside it.

Hiding away the rest of her clothes, she turned down her bedding and crawled her way into her bed, propping herself half upright and striking the sexiest pose she could manage, one leg thrown over the other with her front exposed. "Could you come here?" she then called into the other room.

Hayley heard a murmured response through her door, and a set of soft pawsteps that gradually approached. The door to her room opened, letting a slice of light wash in and over her, and Bianca hummed a pleased assent at what she saw. "Oh my... You do look awfully comfortable. I'd hate to ruin your relaxation."

She rested a hand on her thigh, inviting the other woman further in. "I can relax later. Right now I need you. Badly."

Stalking forward, Bianca's lips parted in a toothy, predatory grin. "That's alright. I can take care of that." Mid-step, the wolf took hold of the hem of her shirt and lifted, peeling it from her body in a single smooth motion. It exposed her from the waist up, and gave Hayley a long, hard look at the simple, blue bra that hid the bustier woman's generous curves. "I liked that dress though. I hope you get to wear it more."

She nodded, promising as much even while an unfamiliar pang of jealousy tightened her gut. Bianca had it all, was practically perfect. A lean, toned, even strong body and legs that went on forever coupled with broad, sweeping curves. She hadn't ever considered lusting over another woman, but she was glad that she'd found the perfect one to fixate on. The wolf raked a handful of fingers through her short mop of messy, black hair and crawled up onto the bed, her smile deepening and darkening into something far more hungry.

Continuing her teasing approach, Bianca didn't pounce. Rather, she hauled herself on all fours all the way up onto Hayley's body, letting herself press down into her, heavy breasts squishing lewdly into hers even as they overshadowed. Dark grey fur found its way under her fingers, and the husky gratefully groped what she could of Bianca's upper body, feeling the stiff, sturdy muscle that lurked under that silky coat. "You're so strong."

"Kickboxing." Bianca whispered into her flicking ear, threatening the sensitive organ with playful, little nips. "I had a wall full of medals. Managed to win a few junior championships before puberty finally hit me like a train. I had to take it a little easier after high school, mostly because I hated cramming myself into those awful "support garments." But I tried to stay fit."

If she hadn't been laying on it, her tail would have been flailing behind her with manic energy. Instead she moaned softly as lips sealed over hers once again. "You're so... beautiful."

The wolf laughed against her, sliding a hand up her belly and finally brushing a few fingers over her breasts, tickling her through her immodest nightwear. "Thanks, cutie. I never really get tired of hearing that, and it means a lot coming from you."

She tried to speak again, but her words were lost under the tide of emotions storming through her veins. Hayley wrapped her arms around the well-endowed chest that hovered over hers, holding tight. Her lips parted fully, and her tongue slipped free to dance with its partner in the dark, moist space between them, one that was full of heavy breaths and soft, needy vocalizations whose source she couldn't pinpoint. The only thing that made her do anything other than squeal with desire was Bianca's hand gliding under her nightshirt, feeling its way up her soft, pallid belly. "W-wait... no..." she gasped.

The hand snapped away from her like it had been stung by a hornet. "Wh-what?"

Trying to sooth the wolf's alarm, she grabbed the offending hand and returned it to her stomach. "Tear it off. All of it."

After a moment of confused thought, Bianca let out a slow, "Oh..." of comprehension. "I almost forgot that you're a kinky little husky. Still like it rough, huh?" Hayley could only nod her affirmative. "Are you sure? It looks expensive."

"It was on sale..." she moaned, grasping weakly at the wolf's back. "Please... I need it."

Bianca assented with little additional resistance. "Alright, alright. I don't mind showing off a little, and it's more fun that crushing watermelons between my legs."

She hesitated, lifting her head from the cushion beneath it. "Can you do that?"

"Not without some bruises and a huge mess." the wolf replied with a knowing wink. "I'm a killer at parties."

Before she could whine any more, Bianca pushed her back down and rose further upright, moving to straddle her hips. Taking up twin fistfuls of Hayley's dainty nightie, and with a coarse grunt of effort, the wolf jerked her hands apart and made the delicate, satiny cloth surrender to her. It gave with a loud ripping sound and opened a huge gash in her front, fully exposing the husky's belly. The determined woman didn't let up, though, much to her excitement. She dug further into the ruined garment and finished shredding it all the way up and down, splitting it open like a cocoon.

Hayley closed her eyes, relished the sensation of Bianca tugging on her lingerie, tearing and rending. Claws caught in soft cloth, snagged and opened holes wherever they lingered, and she moaned, resting her hands on the curves of the wolf's taut backside, squeezing it with delirious strength while her bedmate indulged in her power. Reaching down behind her, strong hands pulled forcefully, ripping her nightshirt off of her arms and tossing its shredded remnants in every direction. "Don't stop! Please! Harder!" she groaned.

Showing no mercy, Bianca finished her nighty only to grab the front of her bra, braced a hand against her sternum, and yanked with everything she had. With metallic twanging and the popping of snapping threads, her bra came loose before being thrown to the side, gladly forgotten. The wolf then bent at the waist, leaning far down, to press a kiss into the exposed, pallid and ruddy flesh of her nipples, resting on the apexes of her bleached breasts. She arched her back, her voice lifting an octave, as sharp, threatening teeth pinched around her sensitive flesh, fangs grazing her pebbly skin. While teeth and lips ravished half of her chest, a steady hand took care of the rest, giving her neglected teat a firm, relentless tweak, unafraid of retribution that the husky couldn't bring herself to give.

Hayley felt the wolf's low, bestial growl against her chest, and she contorted under her lupine lover, trying only to present new splashes of fur and skin to those deliciously tantalizing lips. An immense tension built between her legs, fueled by the ardor of the woman on top of her, and she helplessly ground her thighs together, whining and moaning wordless pleas for more, ever more. When Bianca lifted away, a thin strand of saliva still connecting her tender bud with the relentless lady's mouth, she tried to move, but a stiff hand on her chest stopped her. "Let me." murmured the panting lupine.

With steady movements, Bianca left her aching breasts, inching her way down Hayley's body until she could lay forward with her legs dangling off of the foot of the bed and her head hovering threateningly over the husky's crotch. Her fine, lace panties were damp in the front, and as if to prove her fearlessness, the wolf let her long tongue spill from her mouth to lap sluggishly over the wet, velvety fabric, gathering up a taste for herself and smacking her lips afterward. "God, I love that. Let me just get a better look."

Opening her mouth with theatric flair, the wolf hooked her fangs beneath the waistband of Hayley's form-fitting underwear and gave it a slow, almost gentle tug, testing, straining. "Hold on." she said, muffled. "Let me just... Nnh... enjoy it." She pulled upward and stiffly struggled, stretching the elegant cloth, piercing it with her fangs, and only when she was sure that she had gotten a sure grip did she latch onto the husky's legs and throw her head back, pulling the daring garment off of the pinned woman in a single, solid jerk. She then lifted her head an inch or two, spitting the shredded panties to the side, and used her grip to cautiously spread Hayley's legs. "Amazing."

She squealed when Bianca fell onto her bared loins with the zeal of an Olympic diver. She was slick and wet and needy. Her mound was swollen and enflamed and her throbbing womanhood was lurid and needy, full of blood and lust. The tip of the wolf's muzzle parted her fleshy lips, and Hayley moaned when a flashing tongue pressed against her pulsing entrance, smearing feminine slime over heated flesh. Already her legs wanted to draw together, to retreat a ways from the overwhelming assault, and she thanked the heavens that Bianca held her down, kept her spread and bared. To Hell with what her body wanted, she knew what she needed, and the wolf was in the process of giving it to her with unending zeal.

Her teeth clenched ferociously as her lover's nose rolled unforgivingly over the nub of her electrically-charged clit, sparking cascades of lightning to crash along her spine. One hand took hold of a fistful of her bedding, holding on desperately while the other dropped down the length of her body to cup over the wolf's skull, as if to hold her there despite the fact that Bianca was clearly not going anywhere. The simple act only seemed to spur the hungry lady onward, and Hayley soon found herself vigorously humping the other woman's mouth, rapidly, too rapidly approaching the limits of her fortitude.

She wailed as she came on Bianca's lips and whirling tongue, shuddering and writhing as her eyes defocused and she made a mess of the wolf's face, slicking it with her viscous fluids. She mourned her lack of control even in the midst of her ecstasy. She wanted more, she needed more, and to know that she had practically waisted an orgasm so early left her moaning in more than abject euphoria. Bianca, however, didn't care, and only moved against her, working her down and back up at the same time, stimulating her tender flesh with broad strokes of a practiced tongue.

Hayley hissed as, tail wagging excitedly through the air above her upraised rump, Bianca pushed her right back into the pattern of fast, undulating rolling of her hips, dragging her enthused flesh up and down lips that worked to find each and every nook and cranny that had her squirming and making increasingly incomprehensible noises. She tensed explosively each time she would once again approach the edge of her release, but the wolf would playfully withdraw, show her mercy and extend her pleasure. The hand she had dug into her linens pried itself free just to close over the mound of a breast, kneading it with unforgiving force while rolling its nipple around her fingers.

She very nearly bent in half when Bianca gave her a push over the edge of her bliss and she found her relief for the second time. It was brutal, harsh and aching, and it made her skin burn with the force of it. She hadn't the breath to do more than grunt and moan, and the wolf's voice rose with hers in a viciously pleased cant as those perfect lips pulled from her crotch, that tongue licking her mess from them. "God, you are so good at that. Kisses are a little stiff, but you have the best orgasms."

"Wh-what?" she panted, chest rising and falling with frantic insistence as Bianca rose from her, still licking slicked lips.

"You don't hold anything back. It's great. Every orgasm is like you're first. It's so hot, and you taste so good. Come here. Help me with this."

Still shaking, she stiffly sat up and threw her arms around Bianca's chest, holding them together. The wolf nipped at her ears, savoring the curves of her breasts, and she tried numbly to unfasten the clasps of the bra that still hid the luscious masses that were pressed into hers. Sighing victoriously when it pulled free, she tossed it aside and rested her palms under the weight of the hefty globes that hung heavily from the chest before her. They were perfect, big and supple, and she pushed away a wave of timidity to lift one to her own lips, pulling a turgid, reddened teat into her mouth.

Bianca crooned gingerly, guiding her with half-whispered words. She couldn't believe she still ached for more. She shivered and panted, swirling her tongue around the wolf's perky areola just as she was directed. A hand like a slash of darkness in the shadowy illumination fell between her legs. A finger curled in on itself and tucked up into her, and she moaned hotly around the flesh in her mouth as her lupine attendant casually pumped that finger in and out, gently working it around inside her trembling passage, exploring her.

She smelled herself on Bianca's lips, on the heavy breaths that washed over her ears and left them flicking urgently. Letting the wolf's smoky breast flop free from her mouth, she brushed her muzzle against a taut throat, wriggling and meekly groaning as her lover's hands threatened to leave her a quivering mess. "You're so perfect..." she breathed shakily, her voice almost unrecognizable as her own from the depth of the need that it carried.

The wolf's free hand gently lifted her chin so that its owner could gaze down at her, green eyes glinting in the wan light. "Everyone has flaws. Everyone. I promise." That same hand then

brushed her mussed hair, strands of pure, unsettling white, away from her eyes. "They're what make us interesting. Perfect people are boring, and they're not worth your time."

Carefully, Bianca's finger withdrew from her loins, but its attached palm remained, cupped over her crotch, rubbing and grinding. She shuddered, clinging to the wolf's back. "That's not what I meant."

"Wasn't it?" pondered the other woman through a sardonic smile. Before she could debate the point, Bianca laughed like she'd told a joke and shook her head. "Don't worry about any of that. Just help me with this. I'm starting to feel a little cooped up."

Hands took her by the wrists and directed her unsteady fingers down to the waistline of the wolf's dark, black jeans. She fumbled with the button, warred with the zipper for an inordinate amount of time, and it was only with the assistance of Bianca rocking her hips from side to side that she managed to eventually work them down, uncovering the pair of plain, dark blue panties that they were hiding. Discarding them with a lazy kick, the athletic woman forgot her jeans and instead pushed forward, sliding a hand down her front and under her smallclothes, rubbing herself. "Oh, you've really got me going, cutie. Lie back and hold on to something for me. I need you."

More exciting words Hayley had never before heard, and she let herself slump backwards, down onto the mattress, as Bianca leaned deeply over her, pressing down with all the weight of her well-endowed frame. With one hand, the wolf braced her, pulled her into a heated kiss, and with the other, she gave her own underwear the same treatment that she'd given Hayley's, viciously ripping it from her body and tossing the shreds of cloth away. The pallid husky desperately wanted to crane her neck to see her lover's torrid netherlips peeking through her sleek, charcoal fur, but she couldn't move under the weight of the ardor with which she was being showered. She could only lay there and enjoy the attentions.

With that same strong arm, Bianca lifted one of her legs, pushing it up and out of the way, bracing it against her, and in a bold motion, she felt her moist, sticky nethers make contact with those of the other woman, equally flushed and heated. "Hnnh... You're so good. Just lay like that. I need this. Just let me... Oh... Let me take you for a ride."

She tensed and hissed out a sharp breath when Bianca rolled her pelvis and gave her a long, slick hump that dragged their meeting lips over one another in a sloppy, wet kiss that mirrored the one that connected their faces. The wolf moaned, shaking against her, and Hayley knew that she needed no other sound to satisfy her. She returned it, redoubled, harsh and loud, frantic almost. Her hands clapped down over the firm, muscular swells of her lover's rump, lusting over the taut curves and squeezing without shame as the bushy tail that rose into the air waved with eager energy. To match her own urgency, a powerful, clawed hand gripped her shoulder tightly, holding her while her lips were mined with increasing vigor. Its sister trailed up and down her body, sweeping over her feminine proportions and fearlessly groping her, practically worshipping her pale, bleached body, and all the while, her body was pressed down into her bedding while Bianca humped her, riding her as she was promised.

Her mind couldn't wrap itself around how something so awkward looking could be so enticing, but she quickly found herself getting into it, moving her own hips in time with the wolf's firm, unrelenting thrusts against her, working for her lover, chest heaving with dire panting. She felt like an animal, one that welcomed the little, rumbling growls that shuddered in the back of Bianca's throat. She felt raw and sexual, primal, held down and savaged, and she didn't want it to end, not yet, not by a long shot. In answer to her whispered pleas, the woman

atop her picked up the pace, snarling down at nothing, eyes pinched shut in ecstasy. She wondered if it felt as good for her lupine aggressor as it did for her.

Each hard lunge pushed her back until her head was pressed against the headboard, but still the wolf didn't relent, bucking like a beast in heat, and her shaking voice rose to compliment the savagery in the other, meek and mewling. The whole of her tender sex was ravished by that of her wilder lover, slick grinding accompanied by wet squelching sounds that matched the sound of their occasional kiss. Her spine bent, and she begged for more. Bianca grunted and panted into her ear, whispering to her how amazing she was, how beautiful and lovely she was, how good she felt trapped beneath her, and she begged for more with words that became more and more slurred from her ecstasy,

She soon reached the point where her overwhelmed mind could no put words into sentences, and she gave up. She let her voice do what it would, moaning and whining and squeaking as its pitch rose higher and higher with the tension in her body. She could feel it building beneath her skin, like a volcano just before it erupted. She felt like it would obliterate her if she released it all at once, and she knew she wanted to do only that, release it. She held Bianca to her with all the strength in her slender body, and the wolf reciprocated it with relentless insistence, clutching at her and running a lazy tongue along her throat, kissing her with blinding passion while rutting her into a hole in her mattress.

She gasped when she felt, like a crack of thunder from the distance, Bianca tense explosively, shudder, grunt, and cum against her, practically into her with the force of the sudden wetness that expressed itself against her drenched, feminine flesh. It was a relatively silent, but intense release for the wolf, and it left her lover jerking in time with the pangs of violent, biting bliss that cascaded through her. Moans were choked into sharp groans, and the sight of it, the sensations pouring along her spine, proved to be too much for her as well. Seconds after her lupine bedmate, she too felt the lightning bolts of relief explode behind her eyes, deafening her to all but her own unforgiving rapture.

Her voice found its way out of her throat in the form of a long, mewling howl that, perhaps ironically, sounded far more wolflike than any noise the lupine woman seemed capable of at the time. It simply ripped free of her lungs, her lust and desire being sated in the most primordially vigorous manner that she could have imagined. Her claws raked along Bianca's back, threatening, but narrowly avoiding leaving bloody ruts in her skin as she contorted with the strength of her euphoria. After a minute of wet grinding against one another, her voice was lost, and she was trapped in a cycle of release upon release, each fresh wave of pure, needling bliss passing from crotch to connected crotch in a sympathetic reaction that fed on itself until even it was forced to slowly, hesitantly, burn itself out.

Her heart hammered against the inside of her ribcage, and sweat dampened her fur. She took huge, gulping breaths, trying to get enough oxygen into her to justify her remaining conscious. When the fires of her orgasm consumed themselves in their mindless hunger, she felt empty, but fiercely satisfied, like she had been used up, but only in the best of ways. Bianca had fallen off of her, and was laying limply next to her, an arm holding onto her while she too wheezed like she had sprinted a mile, and the sight of it made the ache between her legs diminish somewhat.

Lean, toned arms pulled her close with numb insistence, dragging her a few inches over her bedsheets to press warmly against the panting wolf. She was a mess, a sweaty, sticky mess, but she couldn't remember ever being so satisfied, and she lifted her head enough to push her lips against Bianca's, seeking out the kiss she needed to feel complete. Full, ashen breasts heaved

against hers with each heavy breath that ruffled her colorless fur. A hand caressed her cheek and shoulder, and she wiggled closer still to push her thigh between her lover's legs, if only to give her a little more contact in which to revel.

Her whole body felt tingly and sore, throbbing in time with the pulsations that still pounded through her loins, wringing the last droplets of pleasure from her. She felt dizzy in the aftermath, dazed, and she sought a solid, grounding presence in Bianca's sluggishly shifting form, letting herself be guided into a deeper, more languid kiss. There was still passion against her lips, but it was calm, lacking much of its previous urgency. She enjoyed it while she reined in her out-of-control breathing, tempered her wild heartbeat with cooling sighs broken by the occasional quavering moan.

A strong hand cradled the small of her back, favoring the base of her slowly wagging tail, and pulled her forward such that her legs laced through their thicker, more shapely mates. She felt the bulk of Bianca's thigh press in against her slaked womanhood, flexing as it moved to brace her, grinding benevolently against her, extending her lingering bliss. After such a sudden maelstrom of sensual rapture, she almost didn't know what to do with peaceful intimacy, closeness. However, the wolf had her back, holding her, moaning softly into her lips and finding a little respite with her.

She lost track of the minutes she spent silently kissing, of how long she languished in Bianca's soothing arms, but she didn't care. Each second was an eternity of gratifying pleasure, and every time her lips would purse to accept those of the sleek, beautiful wolf, the meeting of them would send a pulsation of relaxing, tingling happiness through the whole of her viciously pleased body. Eventually, in her contented laziness, she let her lover's lips part from hers for a time, and she filled the intervening moments with the scent of Bianca's throat as she nuzzled her nose against a sturdy shoulder and laid there, resting her fatigued muscles.

The sound of the wolf's voice, however soft, filled her with elation when it came murmuring into her ear. "It's getting late."

When she had deciphered the quiet words, sudden terror banished her quainter emotions to the back of her mind, and she clung desperately to Bianca's chest. "N-no..." she whimpered, "Don't leave me. Please..."

The wolf pulled away just enough to look down at her, her eternal smile warring with the sadness in those shining eyes. Bianca pushed a warm, but fleeting, kiss into her cheek before saying in a gentle hum, "I'm not going to go anywhere, Hayley, I promise. But we're both tired." She blinked heavily. "It's time to sleep. So that we can make the most of a new day, right...? Hayley. Look at me."

It took a supreme effort to meet that stern, affectionate gaze. "Bianca... Please."

With a breathy, "Shh...", the wolf brushed back her unruly, albino hair. "Listen. I'm not going to leave you. It would take more than a nap to tear me away from someone so sweet. But... Hayley... I can't... I don't think I have a say in this." The husky sobbed, and only a dark, bracing hand kept her chin up. "If I do, I swear, I'll find a way, but right now..." She kissed her again, on the nose. "I'm tired."

Her own stubborn tears infuriated her as they blurred her vision of that picturesque face. "I'll miss you... so much."

"Please don't." Bianca answered with a reassuring pet. "I'm right here. I'll be right here. I promise. Please don't pine for me. Just remember me, alright? That's all I want you to do."

"I don't know if I can..."

With a light laugh, Bianca pulled her back in, crushing her into that well-endowed chest. "I know you can. I have faith in you."

She buried her muzzle in the crook of the wolf's shoulder, weeping openly. "Don't let go. Please don't let go."

"Never." replied the smooth, tender voice against her, vibrating in the chest against which the husky was pressed. "Even if you can't feel it, I'll stay right here."

With a wracking sob, she ran her fingertips through Bianca's velvety fur, reassuring herself of the wolf's existence. The other woman was real. She could feel her heartbeat, smell her, hear her breathing. She was right there against her, held and soothed and timidly stroked. "This isn't fair..."

"Yeah." Bianca answered slowly, tracing fingers across her back, soothing her. "I know."

Hayley settled herself in, determined to take part in every minute that the wolf had left. She cursed her own fatigue, how heavily her eyelids drooped, and she eventually just closed them, letting Bianca just hold her, quietly crooning reassuring words into her ear. She needed that moment to last forever, but even as she drifted to sleep with the memory of those confident arms around her, she knew that time would wait for nothing.

When she awoke, she did so sluggishly and regretfully. Her head hurt like she had a hangover, and her limbs were stiff and awkward. She lay still for a moment, blinking the debris of sleep from her eyes. There was a trickle of light streaming in through the open doorway and beneath the blinds over one window. The blanket was a tangle over her, but she dared not disturb it. She was nude and cold, and though she shivered slightly, she could bring herself to move. She was alone, but she let her hand drop to her side and guided it into the depression Bianca had left in her mattress.

It was empty, as Hayley had feared, but she wasn't immediately overwhelmed by the despondency that she had expected. Lifting her head from the pillow, she looked around at the tattered remains of the lingerie that had only served its intended purpose for a few minutes. Summoning her courage, she shifted cautiously, sliding off the side of her bed and to her wobbly paws. The husky didn't know what to feel or think, and she couldn't find much of anything within her but a hollow sensation in the pit of her stomach.

She knew she wanted to be sad. She could feel the threat of tears hanging over her. Part of her wanted to wriggle back under her blankets and curl into a tight ball and just lay there forever. Rather, she shrugged on a robe and retreated to her bathroom to splash a little water into her gritty eyes. Her body told her what it needed, and she followed along in a zombielike trance as her legs carried her into her apartment proper in search of more proper nourishment.

Hayley was starving, but she had no idea what to do about it, and she spent a long time leaning against her kitchen counter staring out through the living room window across from her before she realized that she smelled something familiar, something so ingrained into her routine that she didn't realize that it didn't yet belong. She smelled coffee, and she turned to face the pot sitting in its place right where it should have been.

Waiting for her, however, was a cup full of the dark liquid. Confusion overtook her. She was certain she'd done a better job of cleaning her apartment before the events of the previous day. There was no way she could have left out a cup of gross, stale coffee. Her confusion, though, flashed to anxious trepidation when she saw tiny whiffs of steam drifting up from the rim of her mug.

It was fresh.